

1482 f 31

Political JUSTICE.

K

A

P O E M.

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

Right Hon. the Lord ****.

*Justum & tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.*

HOR.

L O N D O N :

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ADITURE Socitilo9

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MEMO

WHAT'S ON

Ridge Hotel

W. O. D. W. O. J.

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WEDNESDAY



Political JUSTICE.

A

P O E M.

*In a Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord ****.*

WHILE You, my Lord, amidst a *chosen Few*,
With *gen'rous Warmth* your *Country's Good* pursue;
While to that *Centre* all your *Wishes* tend;
Forgive th' officious Fondness of a Friend;
Anxious for You, who sees with honest Dread
Those Cliffs, that point the arduous Heights you tread;
Those watchful Cares the slipp'ry Paths explore,
Where Thousands fell of those, who climb'd before.

LIKE your's, their Breasts an hallow'd Spark inspir'd;
But soon they blaz'd, by kindling Passion fir'd;

11A

Soon

Soon ruder Flames extinguish'd Reason's Light,
While Prejudices foul'd their jaundic'd Sight.

SUCH thro' false Optics ev'ry Object prove,
And try the Good and Bad by Hate and Love ;
With all he wants, the favour'd Man supply,
And, to the hated, all he has deny.
Hence various Judgments forms the byas'd Throng,
Only alike in This, They all are wrong.

WOULD you, my Friend, not mix the purer Flame,
Nor sink the Patriot in the basest Name ;
Nor factious Rage mistake for public Zeal,
Nor partial Int'rest for the gen'ral Weal ;
Let calmer Reason uncontrol'd preside,
And rig'rous Justice ev'ry Motion guide :
Plain are her Rules, and easy is her Way ;
And yet how hard to find, if once you stray !
If once you careless leave the sacred Ground,
Dark *Error* spreads its mazy Circle round :
Lost and confounded, you shall blindly rove,
Still more bewilder'd ev'ry Step you move :
Horror and conscious *Guilt* shall onward goad,
While *Habit* blunts the Thorns, and smooths the Road.

Ah ! never stray, whatever End you gain ;
 Tho' *Britain* perish, or a *Cromwell* reign !
 Tho' Heav'n's vast Orbs be in Confusion hurl'd,
Justice should triumph 'midst the shatter'd World.

'Tis not enough you scorn a *private* Claim,
 And to your *Country's* Good direct your Aim ;
 Wrong still is *Wrong*, however great the End ;
 Tho' all the Realm were *Brother*, *Father*, *Friend* :
Justice regards not these — Where *Right* prevails,
 A Nation's not an Atom in her Scales.
 Act not for *Britain*, what you would despise,
 Tho' *Britain's* Sceptre were the tempting Prize.

He only never errs, whose Deeds are just :
 To this one Rule you may securely trust ;
 Others may fail. If falsely understood,
 How fatal is the Thirst of public Good !
 No heavier Curse Almighty Vengeance brings,
 Nor Plagues, nor Famine, nor the Lust of Kings.
 Fir'd by this Rage, the phrenetic Sons of *Rome*
 The suff'ring World to Death and Bondage doom :

Nations must sink, to raise her motley Frame ;
 And Millions bleed, to eternize her Name !
 But, lo ! her Glories fade ! her Empire's past !
 She madly conquers, but to fall the last !

Nor would I here, with narrow Views, reprove,
 Or damp the sacred Flame of *Social Love* :
 That saving Portion of th' Eternal Ray,
 Sublimes our Souls, and animates our Clay ;
 Above low *Self* exalts our nobler Frame,
 And emulates that *Heav'n*, from whence it came.
 O would it never be confin'd to Place ;
 But beam, extensive, as the Human Race ;
 Be, as it was design'd, the World's great Soul,
 Connect its Parts, and actuate the Whole ;
 Approach by Commerce Earth's remotest Ends,
 And make All, Fellow-citizens and Friends !
 Then Travellers from Pole to Pole might roam,
 And shift their Climate, but not change their Home ;
 Each think himself a single Part alone,
 And, for a Nation's Welfare, stake his own !
 Yet, farther still, tho' dearest to the Breast,
 That Nation think but part of all the rest !

FOR

For This, let equal *Justice* rule the Ball !
 Her common Tie unites us all to all ;
 Of *Manners*, *Worship*, *Form*, no Diff'rence knows,
 Condemns our *Friends*, and saves our *better Foes*.

ALL Ages this important Truth attest ;
 The *Man*, the *State*, that *justly* acts, is blest :
 Guilt toils for Gain, at Honour's vast Expence ;
 Heav'n throws the Trifle in to Innocence ;
 And fixes Happiness, in Hell's Despite,
 The necessary Consequence of Right.

THE *Just* are Heav'n's ; and Earth's for Heav'n ordain'd,
 Form'd by its Laws, and by its Laws maintain'd :
 These one true Int'rest, one great System frame ;
Political and *Moral* are the same.
 Let subtle Guilt to Cunning lay Pretence ;
 The Man of Virtue is the Man of Sense.
 Proceed, ye Deists ! blindfold Rage employ,
 And prove the sacred Truths ye would destroy ;
 Prove Christian Faith the wisest Rule to bind,
 In Chains of cordial Love, our jarring Kind ;

And

And thence conclude it human, if you can,
 The perfect Produce of imperfect Man !
 While we pronounce, the Author is Divine,
 Whose simple Scheme can answer each Design ;
 A Type of Heav'n make social Earth appear,
 Where *Justice* tastes those Joys, that wait it there.

BUT *Int'rest* alters, and can never prove
 A Rule, by which th' unvarying *Just* should move :
 No Change revolving Time to *Justice* brings,
 Fixt, as th' eternal Attributes of Things :
 Older than Years, ere *Int'rest* had a Name,
Justice existed, and was still the same ;
 In all his Works the great Creator's Guide ;
 The Law, by which he form'd, by which he ty'd ;
 By Reason's Light, not doubtful Words exprest ;
 Stamped with his Image in the Creature's Breast.

BEFORE Creation was, th' Almighty Mind,
 From long Eternity, the World design'd ;
 Did the great System in its Parts survey,
 And fit the Springs, and regulate their Play ;
 In meet Gradations plan th' harmonious Round,
 Those Links, by which depending Parts are bound :

All these he saw, ere yet the Things he made,
 In Types, which well the mimic World display'd ;
 These Types are real, since from them he drew
 The real Forms of whatsoe'er we view.
 Made to their Semblance Heav'n and Earth exist ;
 But they unmade eternally subsist ;
 For if created, we must sure suppose
 Some other Types, whence their Resemblance flows ;
 While these on others equally depend,
 Nor ever shall the long Progression end.
 God, ere he acts, the future Being sees,
 Or does he knows not what, by blind Decrees ;
 And Chance could never frame the vast Design,
 Where countless Parts in justest Order join.

THE Types eternal all Proportions teach,
 Greater or less, more or less perfect each :
 Nor these with empty Forms the Mind employ,
 Which Thought at Will can raise, at Will destroy.
 One Foot exceeds its Half, and Pow'r divine
 Could never change the Nature of that Line.
 Angels than Men more perfect Beings are,
 And more Perfections Men than Beasts declare.

These

These Truths eternal Pow'r Omnipotent sees; All these
 On these he forms his ever-made Decrees: In Table
 Nor can he better love what merits least, Table
 Man than an Angel, or than Man a Beast. Table
 Hence Reason hence immortal Order springs: Make to
 Knowledge and Love, that justly suit the Things; But the
 And thence th'unerring Rule of Justice flows, How it
 To act as Order prompts, and Reason shows. Some other
 W.

WHEN *Man* in Nature's Purity remain'd,
 By Pain untroubled, and by Sin unstain'd,
 Fair Image of the God; and closely join'd
 By Inmate Union to the heav'nly Mind;
 In the pure Splendor of substantial Light,
 The Beam divine of Reason blest his Sight;
 Seraphic Order in its Charms he view'd;
 Seeing, he lov'd; and loving, he pursu'd:
 Nor dar'd the Body, passive Slave, controul
 The sov'reign Mandates of the ruling Soul.

BUT soon by Sin the sacred Union broke,
Man bows to Earth beneath the heavy Yoke;
 The darkling Soul scarce feels a glimm'ring Ray, And a
 Shut in gross Sense from out immortal Day.

Now

Now righteous Vengeance injur'd Order arms,
 And wraps in Terrors its celestial Charms.
 Material Objects Heav'n-born Souls possess ;
 Passions inslave, and servile Cares oppress :
 Fraud, Rapine, Murder, Guilt's long direful Crew,
 Distracted Nature's Anarchy pursue.
 No more pure Reason earthly Minds can move ;
 No more can Order's Charms persuasive prove :
 But as the Moon, reflecting borrow'd Day,
 Sheds on our shadow'd World a feeble Ray ;
 Some scatter'd Beams of Reason Law contains ;
 While Order's Rule must be inforc'd by Pains :
 Hence written Statutes, Tortures hence are giv'n,
 And *K* — gs, the necessary Curse of Heav'n.
 Tho' Nature had not form'd the subject Ball
 For *Man* alone, a Being rais'd o'er all ;
 Yet some Things were for human Use design'd ;
 And these in common dealt to human Kind ;
 Still to our Wants is giv'n a Pow'r to use,
 What Heav'n to our Perfections might refuse.
 This faithful Instinct in each Breast implants ;
 All know their Rights, for all must feel their Wants.

BUT

But now began the Rage of wild Desire
 To thirst for more than Use could e'er require ;
 One on another prey'd ; thence Jars arose,
 Till just Partitions could their Heats compose.
 Yet still th'unvary'd Claim of each remain'd ;
 The Right is gen'ral, tho' the Use restrain'd ;
 Nor could th'invalid Act of *Man* destroy
 What Nature made, and gave him to enjoy.

AND now some Sages, high by others deem'd,
 For Virtue honour'd, and for Parts esteem'd ;
 Impow'r'd by All, impartially preside,
 Determine Bounds, when dubious Claims are try'd ;
 Direct with prudent Rules the various Throng ;
 And mark the *Right* distinctly from the *Wrong*.
 The simple Precept subtle Wiles evade,
 And Statutes, as our Crimes increas'd, are made :
 These were at first unwritten, plain, and few ;
 Till swell'd by Time the Law's vast Volume grew :
 And Sages then, however wise and just,
 Were found unequal to th'unweildy *Trust* :
 Others o'er them were plac'd, still more o'er these ;
 Thus *Government* grew up by slow Degrees :

Higher

Higher the Pile arose, and still more high,
 When, lo ! the Summit ends in *Monarchy*.
 There plac'd, a Man in gorgeous Pomp appears,
 And far o'er Earth his tow'ring Aspect rears ;
 While prostrate Crowds his sacred Smiles implore,
 And what their Crimes had form'd, their Fears adore.
 Low from beneath they lift their servile Eyes,
 And see the proud *Colossus* touch the Skies.
 At some high Mountain's Foot when Children gaze,
 They think the Top their Heads to Heav'n would raise ;
 But when they mount, their Wonder still is more,
 That the blue Arch seems distant as before.
 So views the Crowd a Throne ; but Those, who rise,
 Can claim no nearer Kindred to the Skies :
 Earth is their *Parent* ; thither *Kings* should bend ;
 From her they rise, and not from Heav'n descend.

So *Pow'r* supreme thro' diff'rent Stages rose ;
 While *Property* in like Proportion grows :
 By *Industry* One gains his Neighbour's Share,
 And leaves the Whole to his acquiring Heir ;
 Till various Parts compose the vast Estate,
 And Numbers starve to make one *Lordling* great :

D

Thus

Thus *Pow'r*, with *Property* abus'd, prevails;
 And *Want* and *Bondage* on the World intails.
 Tho' such the *Steps*, by which the *Great* aspire;
 Tho' such the *Means*, by which the *Rich* acquire:
 None better can suppose, some point out worse:
Riches by *Fraud*, and *Pow'r* by lawless *Force*!
 Yet ev'n in *such* what Title can they find,
 T'engross the *Properties* of human Kind?
 Can *Man*, by Nature free, by Nature made
 To share the *Feast* her bounteous Hand display'd,
 Transfer these *Rights*? As well he may dispense
 With those he boasts to *Reason* and to *Sense*:
 While, like blind *Indians*, Others would enjoy
 The native *Gifts* of *Wretches* they destroy.

TAKE the starv'd *Peasant's Taste*, devouring *Lord*,
 Ere you deprive him of the genial *Board*;
 And if you would his *Liberty* controul,
 First curb the various *Actings* of his *Soul*.

BUT yet admit the Sire his *Right* foregoes;
 Can he his *Childrens* sep'rate *Claim* dispose?
 No, tho' he should resume whate'er he gave,
 He cannot take what they from *Nature* have;

And,

And, spite of Man's Consent, or Man's Decree,
All have a Right to live, and to be free.

Y E Gods of Earth, how vainly are ye proud
Of Things, which make ye Stewards to the Croud !
When wide's your Sway, when large your treasur'd Store,
They but increase your Servitude the more :
A Part is only yours, the rest is theirs ;
And nothing all your own, except your Cares :
Then how must your Account, rash Wasters ! end,
Whose *All*'s so little, yet who *Millions* spend ?
Whose greatest *Charities* are barely *just*,
Whose *righteous Rule*'s a mere *Discharge of Trust*.
Despotic Pow'r, and hoarded Heaps of Wealth,
Are forceful Robbery, and fraudulent Stealth.

Y E T Magistrates must rule ; they're useful Things,
Our Guilt the Vengeance, and th'Avenger brings.

SUCH now is Man deprav'd, that *Fear* must sway
To tread those Paths, where *Duty* points the Way :
The *Wretches* must suffer, to forewarn the *rest* ;
And *Some* must fall, to stop the spreading *Pest*.

Hence

Hence *Public Pains*: What to the Crime is due,
 O Judge Supreme! must be reserv'd to You. All base
 Alone the *gen'ral Welfare* can demand
 The bleeding Victim from th'unwilling Hand.

This well You know, O* YORK! whose *righteous Seat*
 Gives to the *Innocent* a sure Retreat:
 Severely just, and piously severe,
 The *Crime* you punish, while the *Pain* you share:
 Tears, with the dreadful Words of Sentence, flow;
 Nor can the rigid *Judge* the *Man* forego.

FAR other He, (blush, *Nature*! such there are,) Whom *Agony* can feast, and *Groans* can clear;
 With gloomy Joy elate, whose baleful Breath, Triumphant, swells with the dread Sounds of *Death*;
 Who on th'imploring Face, malignant, smiles;
 And sentenc'd Wretches wantonly reviles.

Tho', for Convenience fram'd, the *Laws* should shine,
 Pure Emanation from the Source Divine!
 Such as can pierce the Gloom of *Pagan* Night,
 And untaught *Savages* in Woods inlight;

* Lord HARDWICK.

As can the *Murd'rer's* lifted Arm arrest,
 And blast the Crime within the *Traitor's* Breast.
 Such as th'offending Wretch, indignant, owns,
 And hails its Beauty with his dying Groans ;
 Such as, on *Scaffolds*, can the *Guiltless* save ;
 And torture on his *Throne*, the *Sceptred Slave*.

IN such fair Laws the Will of Heav'n imprest,
 Shines to all Eyes, and rules the conscious Breast :
 Tho' Tortures sleep, tho' Night's thick mantling Veil
 From mortal Ken the secret Deed conceal ;
 Nature and Conscience shall awake within,
 And light the Shade, and loud proclaim the Sin.
 But *Laws*, which spring from the polluted Source
 Of Human Passion, urg'd by savage Force,
 Whate'er their Pow'r, whate'er their Influence be,
 Can never bind the Man, by Nature free !
 Man, by no Rule, by no one Pow'r confin'd ;
 Save where just Order, and fair Reason's join'd !

THO' swaying Might constrains the mortal Frame,
 The free-born Soul asserts her native Claim ;
 Nor can confound, to please a Tyrant's Lust,
 Th'eternal Barriers, fixt, of Wrong and Just.

Tho' proud Oppression boast a sov'reign Court,
 Yet Heav'n's Tribunal is the last Resort :
 There suff'ring Innocence finds quick Redress ;
 And *Justice* damns, who legally oppress.

BUT should the universal Voice agree
 To hail an Act of legal *Tyranny* ;
 Can the vain Breath of an inconstant Throng
 Make an Act *right*, which is by Nature *wrong* ?
 And, changing thus of Things th'unvary'd Course,
 What in itself can never bind, inforce ?
 First let their Breath divest the Day of Light ;
 To blazon forth the dusky Face of Night !
 Can human Will subvert what was design'd,
 Decreed, and will'd by the All-ruling Mind ?
 Must not those Bounds all human Pow'r confine ?
 The utmost Limits ev'n of Pow'r divine !
 That Source ! from whence all lawful Rule must spring ;
 And diff'rent from the *Robber* marks the *King* !

THE Prince, who thus perverts Imperial Sway ;
 Tho' willing Slaves implicitly obey ;

Tho',

Tho', by a long Descent from *Adam* down,
 Successive Rule confirms his lawful Crown ;
 As Nature's Rebel, forfeits ev'ry Claim,
 And loads the *Tyrant* with th'*Usurper's* Name ;
 While with each lawless Act of high Command,
 He stands proscrib'd by his own guilty Hand.

WHAT then were you, O * CHARLES ! whose Sires by
 Were rais'd ; the Monarchs of a People's Voice ?^[Choice]
 Their Gift your Sceptre, and their Good alone,
 The End, the Basis, that sustain'd your Throne !
 No longer could your Right to rule extend,
 Than while your duteous Care preserv'd the End.
 Yet you by Bribes a venal Herd employ'd,
 And stripp'd *Castile* with her own Wealth destroy'd ;
 While These, a few, safely intrench'd in Laws
 Made to secure fair *Freedom's* glorious Cause,
 The sacred Means to lavish Ends apply'd,
 And *Freedom* with the Bands of *Justice* ty'd.
 Should bleeding *Spain* her *Spoiler's* Pow'r endure,
 Because black *Fraud* and *Treachery* secure ?

* CHARLES V. Emperor and King of *Spain*.

Should you destroy her, while your Reign prepares
 Her Children's Plunder for your future Heirs ;
 And Both the most accurst of Mortals leaves,
 Your own all *Tyrants*, and her Race all *Slaves* !
 Vainly you seek in Shades a quiet Mind,
 And cast the Load of *Government* behind
 Your former Crimes the Solitude invade ;
 Yourself the last poor Wretch your Pow'r has made.

Now, lost *Iberia* ! Rapine holds the Reins,
 And loads thy groaning Sons with galling Chains !
 These were the Steps by which tyrannic Might
 Rose from the Shade of Guilt's tremendous Night ;
 Advanc'd by slow Degrees its Giant Size,
 Tow'r'd o'er thy Realms, and proudly brav'd the Skies :
 Stalk'd wasteful on, and shook the flaming Rod,
 While dire Destruction mark'd where'er it trod ;
 While trampled Liberty in vain implor'd,
 And grov'ling Slaves the Royal Fiend ador'd.

SUCH now thy State ! ah ! how unlike those Reigns,
 When genial Freedom brooded o'er thy Plains ?
 The Rich in Peace their plenteous Stores enjoy'd,
 By Cares unvext, by Luxury uncloy'd :

Hope

Hope clear'd the Poor with Promises of Gain ;
 And paid, with future Joys, their present Pain ;
 Shew'd the full Bowl amidst their sultry Toil ;
 While Those, who prun'd the Olive, drank the Oil :
 By Night of all the Fruits of Day possest,
 Labour weigh'd down the Eye, and sweeten'd Rest.
 Such was thy State, when blest with *Freedom's Smiles* ;
 And such is now the State of *Britain's Isles*.
 Long may the Treasure to her Sons descend !
 What *Virtue* gain'd, may *Virtue* still defend !
 O glorious *Spirit* ! never may you cease ;
 But, as you blaz'd in *War*, shine forth in *Peace* !
 Dauntless, with all the Force of Truth engage
 The headlong Tide of each corrupted Age !
 Tho' not a Foe appears, be still prepar'd ;
 And, tho' no Danger threatens, keep your Guard !
 Should you once droop, and close your watchful Eyes,
 Never again shall you attempt to rise ;
Corruption shall a deadly Spell dispense,
 Unnerve your Pow'rs, and stupify your Sense :
 So shall you lie in Golden Fetters bound,
 Till ruder Chains shall fix you to the Ground :
 Wake then, and ease the Weight of *Britain's Throne* ;
 Nor let our mighty MONARCH wake alone.

WHILE *Greece* and *Rome* record an hoary Train,
 Who dar'd the Cause of *Liberty* maintain ;
 The *British* Senate boasts a youthful Band,
 Form'd for th'exalted Task by *Nature's* Hand :
 She gave their Souls with early Charms to shine,
 And Love of Arts, these Beauties to refine :
 She gave those Thoughts, which she alone inspires,
 And deck'd them out in all that Care acquires,
 Wisdom, unclogg'd by Years, by Pain unbought ;
 A Zeal by Vigour kindled, rul'd by Thought ;
 Such Gifts she to her favour'd Sons imparts ;
 To judging Heads, and to determin'd Hearts ;
 To *Heads* unfir'd by *Youth's* tumultuous Rage,
 To *Hearts* unnumb'd by the chill *Ice of Age* :
 Yet, while they both preserve a sep'rate Claim,
 Their *Passions reason*, and their *Reasons flame*.

IN these brave Youths no Luxury implants
 The real Poorness of phantaſtic Wants ;
 Nor to Temptations are their Hearts betray'd,
 To fill Desires, which *Nature* never made.
 To them one Dish, with some dear Friend to taste,
 Were better than *TRIMALCHIO's* crowded *Feast* ;

Better

Better in homespun Beds at Ease to lie,
 Than press the *Tyrian* Couch with sleepless Eye ;
 So to enjoy the past in Golden Dreams,
 Or plan for *Britain's* Good some future Schemes.
 Can *These* a Joy in *gilded Chariots* find,
 Who know the Transports of an *honest Mind* ?
 Who, should they walk along the public Way,
 Hear grateful Crouds their Adorations pay.

LOLL then, ye Great, supinely in your Cars ;
 Stop ev'ry Passage to your conscious Ears ;
 Shut out the Woes ye cause, the bitter Cries
 Of Those, who call down Vengeance from the Skies.
 While you, brave Patriots ! from each Tongue receive
 A glorious Tribute for the Joys you give !
 While all the *Good* your deathless Praise proclaim ;
 And, higher Praise ! while all the *Bad* defame ;
 Be this your Pride ! In Youth's unfully'd Minds
 Her fitteſt Mansion heav'ly *Virtue* finds.

AND You, my Friend ! who fill the foremost Place,
 The godlike **CATO** of the youthful Race ;
 While some in hostile Fields deserve Renown,
 Theirs be the Laurel, your's the Olive Crown !

For,

For, trust to Fame, those Heroes brighter shone,
Who *sav'd* a Nation, than who Nations *won*.

Such be thy Guides, whose great Examples prove,
That *Justice* fans the Flame of *Social Love*.

F I N I S.



E R R A T U M.

Page 3, Line 7, for *Those* read *Whose*.